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—and so they raced till they were out of sight. “What in the world,” we inquired of our host, Rourke, “is the meaning of that?” “It’s Paddy and Lee, Sir, who have borrowed my dogs, and are gone off to course!”

But we must pull up in our own course, and not run Paddy down. Let us however add, for he is a favourite with us, that Paddy is a temperate as he is a prudent man. We came to this conclusion, from the healthiness of his appearance and the equanimity of his manner, in five minutes after we first saw him. “You don’t drink hard, Paddy,” we remarked to him. “No, Sir,” he replied; “I did once, but I found it was destroying my health, and that if I continued to do so, I would soon leave my family after me to beg; so I left it off three years ago, and I have never tasted raw spirits since, or taken more than a tumbler, or, on an odd occasion, a tumbler and a half of punch, in an evening since.”

We only desire to add to this slight sketch, that Paddy appears to be in tolerably comfortable circumstances—he farms a bit of ground, and his cottage is neat and cleanly kept for one in his rank in Galway. He has a great love of approbation, a high opinion of his musical talents, and a strong feeling of decent pride. He will only play for the gentry or the comfortable farmers. He will not lower the dignity of his professional character by playing in a tap-room or for the commonalty—except on rare occasions, when he will do it gratuitously, and for the sole pleasure of making them happy. We have ourselves been spectators on some of these occasions, and may probably give a sketch of them in a future number.

P.

### A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

DISAPPOINTMENT—pho! What is disappointment, I should like to know? Why should any body feel it? I don’t. I did so at one time, however, certainly, and have a vague recollection of it being a rather unpleasant sort of feeling; but I am a total stranger to it now, and have been so for the last twenty years.

“Lucky fellow!” say you; “then you succeed in every thing?”

“Quite the reverse, my dear sir; I succeed in nothing. I have not the faintest recollection of having ever succeeded in any single thing, where success was of the least moment, in the whole course of my life. I have invariably failed in every thing I have tried. But what has been the consequence? Why, the consequence has been, that I now never expect success in any thing I aim at; and this again has produced one of the most delightful states of feeling that can well be conceived. In fact, the reader can not conceive how delicious is the repose, the placidity of mind, the equanimity of temper, the coolness, the calmness, the comfort, arising from this independence of results—this delightful quiescence of the aspirations. It is a perfect paradise, an elysium. You recline on it so softly, so easily. It is like a down pillow; a bed, of roses; an English blanket. I recollect the time when I used to fret and fume when I attempted any thing. How I used to be worried and tortured with hopes and fears, when I commenced any new undertaking, or applied for any situation! What folly! what absurdity!—all proceeding from the ridiculous notion that I had some chance of success!

Grown wiser, I save myself a world of trouble now. I know that I need not look for success in any thing I attempt, and therefore never expect it. It would do you good, gentle reader, to see with what calmness, with what philosophy, I now wait the result of any effort to better myself in life. It is truly edifying to behold.

Notwithstanding, however, this certain foreknowledge of consequences as regards the point in question, I deem it my bounden duty, both to myself and family, to make every effort I can for their and my own advancement; to try for every situation to which I think myself competent, and, therefore, I do so; but it is merely in compliance with this moral obligation, and from no hope whatever of succeeding; and the result has invariably shown, that to have given myself any uneasiness on the subject, to have entertained the most remote idea of success, would have been one of the most ridiculous things conceivable.

What a triumph is mine in such cases! I suffer nothing—no distress of mind, no uneasiness, not the least of either: I am calm and cool, and quite prepared for the result, and sure as fate it comes—“Dear Sir, I am sorry to say,” &c. &c. I never read a word beyond this.

Perhaps it would amuse the reader to give him one of those instances—I could give him five hundred—of what the generality of people call disappointments, which has induced the happy state of mind I now enjoy, which enables me to contemplate such crises as would throw any other person into the utmost agitation, with the most perfect equanimity.

About four or five years ago, a very intimate and dear friend suddenly burst in upon me while at breakfast one morning. He was almost breathless, and his look was big with intelligence.

“Well, Bob,” said he, with a gleeful smile, “here’s something at last that will do you good.”

I smiled, and shook my head.

“Well, well, so you always say,” said my friend, who perfectly understood me; “but you cannot miss this time. I have just heard from a confidential friend that Mr Bowman is about to retire from business, and that he is on the lookout for a respectable person to purchase his stock in trade, and the good will of his shop, privately. Now, Bob, that’s just the thing for you. You know the trade; you know, too, that Mr Bowman has realised a handsome fortune in it, and that his shop, where that fortune was made, has the best business in town.”

Now, all this that my friend said was true, perfectly true. Mr Bowman had made a fortune in the shop alluded to. It had by far the best run in town: it was crowded with customers from morning till night. But I felt quite confident that the moment I took the shop there would be an end of its prosperity. However, my friends prevailed. To please them, and to show that I was willing to do any thing to better my circumstances, I took the shop. I bought the stock and good will of the business, and entered on possession. My friends all congratulated me, and declared that my fortune was made. I knew better.

However, to give the speculation fair play, a thing I thought due to it, I prevailed on Mr Bowman to forego the usual proceeding in such cases of advertising his retirement from business and recommending me as his successor, because I knew that if he did so, all chance of my doing any good would be instantly knocked on the head. Recommend me! Why, the bare mention of my name—any allusion to it—would be certain and immediate destruction to me. I knew that if the public was made aware that I had succeeded to the business, it would instantly desert the shop.

Impressed with this conviction, I had the whole matter and manner of the transfer of property and interest in the shop managed with the utmost privacy and secrecy, my object being to slip unperceived and unobserved, as it were, into my predecessor’s place, that the public might not have the slightest hint of the change.

In order further to secure this important secret, I would not permit the slightest alteration to be made, either on the shop itself, or on any of its multifarious contents. I would not allow a box, or an article of any kind, not even a nail, to be removed or shifted from its place, for fear of giving the public the slightest clue to the fact of the shop’s being now mine. As to my own appearance in it, which of course could not be avoided, I hoped that I might pass for a shopman of Mr Bowman’s.

All, however, as I expected, was in vain. The public by some intuitive instinct, as it seemed to me, discovered that I was now proprietor of the shop, and took its measures accordingly. On the very first day that I took my place behind the counter, I thought it looked shy at me. I was not mistaken. Day after day my customers became fewer and fewer, until hardly one would enter the shop.

Being quite prepared for this result, I felt neither surprise nor disappointment, but shortly after coolly disposed of the shop, and all that was in it, to another party, who, as I wish every body well, I am glad to say, did, according to his own account, amazingly well in it, he declaring to me himself that it fulfilled his most sanguine expectations.

It could not be otherwise, for, as I well knew would be the case, the moment I quitted the counter, and this person took my place, the stream of public patronage returned; customers came thronging in faster than he and two stout active shopmen could serve them.

Now, in this affair, as in all others of a similar kind, my friends confessed that I had given the spec fair play, and that there was nothing on my part to which they could attribute the blame of failure. Unable to account for it, therefore, they merely shrugged their shoulders and said, “It was odd;

they didn't understand it." Neither did I, good reader; but so it was.

One rather odd feature in my case I may mention. Although I never actually succeed in any thing, I am always *very near* doing so—very near getting every thing—within an ace, in almost every instance, of obtaining all I want. My friends are frequently *bitten* by this will-o'-the-wisp in my fortunes, and have fifty times congratulated me on the strength of its deceptive promises or successes, which of course are never realized.

In reply to their congratulations on such occasions, I merely smile and shake my head; adding, perhaps, "Not so fast, my good friends; wait a bit and you'll see. I have been as *near* my mark a hundred times before."

Perhaps the reader would like to glance at a case in point. I will present it to him: it is not yet three weeks old. I applied for a certain appointment in the gift of a certain board. Here is the reply of the secretary, who was my personal friend:—"My dear Sir, I am exceedingly happy to inform you that your application, which was this day read at the board, has been most favourably received. Indeed, from what has passed on the subject, I may assure you of success, and beg to congratulate you accordingly. Your success would not perhaps have been quite so certain had Mr S— been at home, as he would probably support his friend B., who is the only person you had to fear. But Mr S—, who is on the continent (at Carlsbad), is not expected for a fortnight, and cannot be here for a week at the soonest; so you are safe."

"Well, then, *now* surely, Bob," said my friends to whom I showed this letter, "you cannot doubt of your success in this instance."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed I, with the usual shake of the head and accompanying smile of incredulity; "never had less expectation from any thing in my life. Don't you see, Mr S— *will* be home in time, and *will* give his powerful interest to my rival?"

"Impossible, my dear sir; Mr S— is at Carlsbad, and *cannot* be home in less than a week. Neither steam-boat nor railroad could enable him to accomplish such a feat."

"No, but a balloon might; and depend upon it a balloon he will take, rather than I should get the situation. This he'll certainly do, although he knows nothing of what is going on."

"There's the postman, my dear," said I with gentleness and equanimity to my wife, on the morning of the third day after the conversation above alluded to had taken place. "It is a letter from my friend Secretary Wilkins, to inform me that I have lost the situation of —; that Mr S—, performing miracles in the way of expedition, although not impelled by any particular motive, came home just in time to support his friend B., and, of course, to cut me out."

It was precisely so. "My dear Sir," began my friend's letter, "I am truly sorry to inform you"—I read no more; not another word. It was quite unnecessary; I knew it all before. So, laying the letter gently on the table, I said with my wonted smile, "Exactly; all right!"

Now, does the reader think that in this, or in any other similar case, I gave myself the smallest uneasiness about the result? Not I, indeed—not the smallest. I expected no success, and was not therefore disappointed. C.

## OLD TIMES.

BY J. U. U.

"My soul is full of other times!"

Where is that spirit of our prime,

The good old day!

Have the life and power of that honoured time

All passed away!

When old friendship breathed, and old kindness wreathed

The cot and castle in kindred claim,

And the tie was holy of service lowly,

And Neighbour was a brother's name,

And the streams of love and charity

Flowed far and wide,

And kind welcome held the portal free

To none denied,

And blessed from far rose that kindly star

The high roof o'er the well-known hall,

The cordial hearth, the genial mirth—

Has Time the tyrant stilled them all!

Ay, some are fallen—their courts are green;

The cold calm sky

Looks in on many a once-loved scene

Of days gone by.

And some stand on, but their lights are gone,

Their manners are new and their masters strange;

They know no trace of that frank old race

Swept off by the tide of time and change.

These would'st thou mourn, go, trace the path,

The far wild road,

To some old hill where ruin hath

Its lone abode—

Where morn is sleeping, and dank dews weeping—

Where the grey moss grows on the lintel stone—

Where the raven haunts, and the wild weed flaunts,

And old remembrance broods alone:

There weep—for generous hearts dwelt there,

To pity true—

Each light and shade of joy and care

These old walls knew.

With weary ray the eye of day

Looks lifeless on their mouldering mound:

Their pride is blighted!—but the sun ne'er lighted

A happier home in his bright round.

There smiles, whose light hath passed away,

Bound young hearts fast;

And hope gild many a coming day

Now long, long past.

There was beauty's flower and manhood's power—

The frail, proud things in which mortals trust;

And yon hall was loud with a merry crowd

Of breasts long mingled in the dust.

There too the poor and weary sought

Relief and rest;

His song the wandering harper brought,

A welcome guest;

There lay rose lightly, and young eyes shone brightly,

And in sunshine ever life's stream rolled on;

And no thought came higher how time could wither—

Yet time stole by, and they are gone.

And there—the breast were cold indeed

That would not feel,

How with the same relentless speed

Our seasons steal.

The princely towers and pleasant bowers

May scoff the hours with gallant show,

In vain—they are what once these were,

And in their turn must lie as low

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE AND ART.—In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being; and there is no power which admits greater cultivation: and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence; it unfolds the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depth of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone; and not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple, and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship,